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For the Tablet.

Influence of the Christian Religion on the Spirit of Poetry.

It is the business of poetry to make a deep and unfading impression on the mind. Hence the poet in the exercise of his imaginative powers must seize upon and group together the most striking objects. He must portray in glowing colors the deep and stirring emotions of the soul, and body forth in living forms his own shadowy creations. He must not only select objects of the deepest interest, but combine and image them forth with something of divine skill. He should breathe life into his portraiture by the vividness of his imagery, and impregnate his fictions with the precepts of eternal truth. Hence poetry must be modified by every age and clime, for with them change the leading and engrossing objects of the human soul. The real point of inquiry therefore, suggested by the present subject, is, what radical transformation has been wrought in the human character by the christian religion? How has it permanently affected the loftiest aims and aspirations of men?

In the ancient mythologies, a decree of fate was irrevocable. It could be reversed by no change of conduct, no transformation of feeling, no transfer of the affections. The destiny of its object was therefore immutably fixed, and no anxieties about eternity could control his actions or mold his feelings.

The deities of the ancients were mere incarnations, embodying in their natures the perfections of God, and the infirmities of man. Beset by our worst frailties, partaking of our misfortunes, they were implacable—the slaves of passion, lust, avarice, cruelty and revenge. The ancient gods and their ordinances, were alike powerless. Such deities could produce no solemn and startling convictions about an eternity of bliss or woe, or turn the soul to look inward on itself. The delineations of the Greeks were therefore chiefly external, for on such objects the imagination delighted most to dwell. They gazed on beauties hitherto unseen and groped their way in wastes hitherto unexplored. They looked abroad on the face of nature, intuitively

perceived her strong lineaments, and imaged them forth with the hand of inspiration. But they held no converse with the hidden depths of moral feeling. Lofty and ennobling traits of character were only inferred from the display of physical energy and animal courage. To this mold the poet shaped his creations. His boldest strokes therefore are not seen in the delineation of feeling or the exhibition of character, but in making out a happy contexture of incidents—of battles fought, or victories won. But the christian religion wields a mightier sway. If it was Homer that thundered in the Senate, and inspired the poet, it is the voice of God proclaimed in his holy word that has in later times made itself heard in the senate house and the battle field, in the halls of learning and the retreats of the muses. It lays open to men the realms of eternal happiness, or the regions of unending anguish and woe, and occupies the mind with the contemplation of absorbing interests and eternal realities. Realities, because they are not the dreams of the imagination, the flights of fancy, or the illusions of hope. They are the precepts of eternal truth, invested with no common sanction, enforced by no common power. They are the mandates of God, the invisible and omnipresent, the spiritual and incarnate. The bible which embodies these precepts, falls not among the dreams of enthusiasts or the speculations of philosophers. It is the will of the supreme legislator proclaimed from his eternal throne by his heralds and ministers of everlasting life. Hence it comes home to the mind with all that vividness of impression and mastery of appeal, that belongs only to truth divine. It acts with mighty energy in turning the soul to the contemplation of its own fate. It directs its musings to death, and the dark caverns whence it must be transferred to its eternal habitations at the hour of death; it brings out to the full gaze of man the dark spectres of fiends, or the bright apparitions of angels. He has then in full view before him the gates of the eternal city, where sits the Deity enthroned spotless and pure, wrapt in the brightness of his own nature, and radiant with beams of heavenly light. He is led onward by ministering to a dwelling place eternal in the heavens—a crown of glory that shall never fade away; or, held

in captivity by the spirits of darkness, he is plunged into the gulf of everlasting fires, amid the gnawings of the imperishable worm, and the agonies of the quenchless flame. Hence the contempt of modern genius for physical might and animal courage—for outward display, and worldly distinctions. Its most ennobling conceptions are turned from the outward to the inner man. A class of profounder feelings, and intenser emotions have been awakened in the soul since it has been brought to contemplate its own undying nature, and everlasting destiny: for about this a question is pending of momentary importance and fearful issue. It is here that the imagination takes up its abode and indulges in its profoundest reveries. The poet of modern times is instinctively withdrawn from the objects of external nature, for he finds a richer field in tracing the mazy windings and hair breadth differences of human character. He must combine and portray in living colors the feelings of men, if he would impress himself on their minds and become canonized in their hearts; for his muse has descended from Pelion and Parnassus, to the profoundest depths of our moral nature.

This effect has been heightened by the elevation of woman to an intellectual companionship with man. I need not say that this is one of the noblest triumphs of the christian religion. It has ever been the misfortune of the weaker sex, to be thrust from their appropriate sphere, under the prevalence of superstition. Without the stern hardihood and unyielding endurance of man, her noblest occupation has been to perform his drudgery and minister to his appetites. If her charms have been felt they have been overrated, and she has been wooed only in the tournament and the camp. She now moves in a more congenial sphere, in the scenes of domestic life and social intercourse. It is woman that kindles the generous affections, and subdues the wonted ferocity of man—that binds up his broken heart, and impregnates with joy the cup of his bitterness—that awakens in him ennobling aspirations, and irradiates his onward course with the ever brightenings of hope. She is no longer looked upon as the means of sensual indulgence, or the object of supreme adoration, but a being as she is, pure, spotless and lovely.

Hence the passion of love as felt by the ancients and moderns, is radically different. In the former it was cold, sensual, unfeeling. In the latter it awakens the purest feelings and tenderest sensibilities of our nature. The same change has been wrought by the poet in his productions, and tinged them with deeper lines of human feeling. But besides this indirect connection of poetry with religion, another still exists in the themes of direct contemplation laid before the poet. It was in this way that the Grecians incorporated their mythology with their poetry, and gained a complete mastery over a cumbrous system. There was an indefiniteness about it which enabled them to mold and combine its rude elements at will. Homer first did this, and his work became the received code of morality—the arbiter in case of supreme appeal—the oracle of everlasting truth. But if Homer could penetrate Olympus' cloudy tops, the senate of the skies, and the Tartarian gulf, with its brazen floors and burning chains, Milton could visit the crystal firmament with its throne of sapphire, the armory of God with its seraphim and cherubim, the fiery deluge fed by ever burning sulphur, the eternal pit filled with legions of rebel angels. In respect to the Deity, our religion affords the noblest object of contemplation, whether he be viewed in the constitution of his moral or physical nature. Milton had before him a God of perfect purity and excellence, a being as fierce and terrible as he was mild and lovely. It was Homer's fate to be cast among a motley assemblage of beings, half human, half divine, indulging in obscene revels, and distracted by petty brawls. If Jupiter could by his uplifted arm

"Heave the gods, the ocean, and the sea,"

it was Jehovah that withstood the obdurate pride and steadfast hate of beings that "cannot but by annihilating die;" at whose bidding the sun stood still, and the moon was stayed, and the earth trembled, and the foundations of heaven were shaken.

Such is the influence of the christian religion on poetry; and we have cause for gratulation that it is so: for poetry embues with its own spirit every department of human thought, and literature is the truest index to the state of society. This blending therefore of religion with poetry, has been a matter of no small consequence to mankind. By its means civilization has been spread, and science made to flourish—thrones have been demolished and fabrics of liberty erected on their ruins—the world has emerged from a millenium of darkness, in glorious prospect of being illumined by a millenium of heavenly light. L.

CHARLEMAGNE, when he concluded a treaty, used to seal it with the pummel of his sword, which probably had for the purpose, a device sunk upon it.—"Thus," said the hero, "I seal this covenant with the pummel of my sword, the due performance of which its point shall enforce."

Miscellaneous.

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

The Heiress of Rock-Hollow.

BY WM. D. GALLAGHER.

[Concluded.]

Esquire Clymers was a little, ill-bred Englishman, with just learning enough to make him pedantic, and just law and eloquence enough to make a judge yawn and put a jury to sleep. He had been a citizen of the United States for two or three years, and had emigrated to the West and settled in the village in whose vicinity was Rock-Hollow Farm, about a twelve month before our friend Mr. Cunningham came to the place; and until the arrival of this gentleman he had held the important but too often badly filled situation of Village Schoolmaster. The superior merits of Mr. Cunningham were soon perceived, and the examiners invited Esquire Clymers to resign.—Being perfectly aware that an invitation from such a source, if not speedily complied with, would be followed by a *command*, he addressed a note to them in the course of a few days thereafter, informing them of his intention to retire at the expiration of the quarter then commenced. He was succeeded by Mr. Cunningham; and having previously read Blackstone, opened Kent, looked at Coke upon Littleton, etc., etc., he applied and was admitted to the bar; and here, at the period to which we have arrived in our narrative, he was figuring, the veriest pettifogger within the circuit; and the only enemy, unless Johannes and Diederick might be considered as such, which Mr. Cunningham had in the county.

An hour had passed since the two young ladies and Diederick and Mary had parted at the skirt of the village; and the two latter had returned and were sitting in the parlor—Diederick thinking of the best manner in which to broach the subject of their interview, and Mary looking out upon the moon and stars; and dreaming of her lover and an elopement. She was roused from the reverie into which she had fallen, by a loud noise and a volley of curses; and hastily looking round she beheld Diederick sprawling upon the floor in a very unenviable humor. Determined to make a bold push, he had risen from his chair at the opposite side of the room, with the intention of besieging the damsel in good earnest. But unfortunately the toe of one of his brogans caught under the edge of a strip of the lapped-over domestic carpet, and brought his nose in rather severe contact with the floor. A gush of blood from either side of the abused proboscis was the effect of the concussion.

"O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!"

"And blood at such a time, in such a place!"

"Sure ne'er was lover in such plight before!"

In spite of her efforts to the contrary.—Mary burst into a laugh, for which she amply apologised, and was forgiven by the admiring swain. A few moments are spent

in another room, and the crimson current ceases to flow. But what means yon figure, moving in the moonlight? Now it has stopped by a fence, some six rods from the house. Enough!—A hand is waved from the window at which the Heiress of Rock-Hollow is seated, and it glides stealthily away.

Nothing daunted by his sad mishap, Diederick returned to the charge: but as it is not necessary to our purpose,—which is to give only a general history of affairs at Rock-Hollow about this time,—we shall not report the honeyed language in which he wooed, and, as he thought, nearly won.—He did not leave the apparently relenting girl till a late hour; and when he retired to his chamber, he could not sleep from excess of joy. "How happy I shall be," thought he, "when Rock-Hollow Farm is mine, and I am master of this house.—And then, only to think of it! I was jilted and refused by that minx Salley Heshlap, and embarked in the steerage of the "Seamaid," and landed at New-York with a good stomach and nothing to put into it, that I would so soon become the master of thousands, and the husband of a wife to whom Sal was no more to compare than kaletops to cabbage. It's an evil thought I know, but so soon as the old man is out of the way, and he can't live long, I'll re-cross the ocean, and make a journey to Kroutvalleyford. It will be a fine revenge to let those huzzies, Polly Nisewhanger, Judy Schmidt, and Sally Heshlap,—pray God they are doomed to be old maids!—see the good fortune of Diederick Heilerberger, whom they so misused. But I'll be revenged—I'll be revenged!" While his thoughts were thus wandering, Diederick had unconsciously risen from his bed, and was strutting about his chamber, as triumphantly as though the bird were really his, and not yet in the bush, and as if all the astonished and wondering inhabitants of Kroutvalleyford were gazing on him with admiration. All at once he was recalled from the scene of his disgrace, and the pleasant prospect of revenge; for on looking out of the window of his chamber, he saw the object which next to Rock-Hollow Farm possessed his affections, skipping lightly over the grass plat in front of the window from which she had been looking so attentively all the evening. And presently he saw her reach up and seize a white packet which stuck in a crack on the top of a fence post, and which she immediately thrust into her bosom, and returned to the house. This completely dissipated the blissful visions of our recently enraptured swain. There was some mystery, to him strange and fearful. His feelings were now very different from what they had been a few minutes before: and he found it more impossible to sleep than ever. He however soon lay down again; and what with turning over, rising partly up and looking out of the window in direction of the post from which the packet had been taken, lying down again, and wondering

what the affair meant, the night wore away.

Early in the morning, Mynheer Diederick Heilerberger paid his respects to the patriarch of Rock-Hollow. Johannes had however risen earlier than Diederick, and had already taken his customary waddling morning perambulation to the cow-yard, the stables, and the cabbage patch; and the Kroutvalleyford emigrant found him in a most unpromising humor.

"Dunder and blitzen!" exclaimed Johannes, biting his pipe-stem, till it was as firmly clenched as though it had been between the jaws of a smith's vice. "Mein Got! you splutterkin! vat for you leaf down te pars of te cabbage field? Once—two—tree hog in tis morning—and more cabbage spoilt nor vat your tam neck vort! I'll—I'll tock your vages! I'll!"

But here the enraged old man was interrupted by the unfortunate Diederick, who began to think himself further from being master of Rock-Hollow than was his inclination. This worthy protested his innocence, and declared that the bars must have been "rooted down" by the hogs of some of their neighbors, which were very mischievous and annoying. During Diederick's explanation, the smoke was issuing from the mouth of Johannes—puff! puff! puff! like steam from an escape-pipe. The suggestion that the mischief had been perpetrated by the neighbors' hogs, pleased him well, for he was fond of thinking that his own swine were too well "bred and brought up" to be guilty of a like misdemeanor.

"Te neighbors hogs!" said Johannes, his countenance relaxing from its rigidity; "yaw—yaw—te tam half-starvt hogs vat pelong to Chou Chones, vere te Yankee Schoolmaster poards! Yaw—no wonder tey so little manners!"

The allusion to the Yankee Schoolmaster caused a chill to shoot over Diederick, which was observed by Johannes. The old gentleman entirely forgot his recent anger, and said he hoped Mary had consented to the proposed marriage. Diederick related all that had happened during the evening, except the bloody rencounter between his nose and the floor, and the patriarch's eyes brightened. He next told what he had afterwards seen from his chamber window, and the tobacco fumes began to ascend and curl above Johannes' head—a sure indication that a storm was gathering. And gather it did speedily, and burst in frightful earnest. The old man immediately sought Mary, who was superintending the domestic affairs of the house, with as cheerful a countenance as though she had nothing more than ordinary upon her mind.—Without a previous word, he demanded of her, in a very authoritative tone, "te pit of paper" she had found sticking on the fence-post. The demand was so sudden, determined, and unexpected, that she was exceedingly embarrassed, and but ill played her part at this trying moment. She however at first stoutly denied having found

any such paper, and feigned great surprise at the accusation. But Johannes was not to be balked by a "foolish minx," as he called her; and seeing his determination, and fearing his anger, she drew the unlucky scroll from her bosom, and left his presence. The old man's rage was greater than it had ever been before—greater even than it was in the morning, when he saw barrel after barrel of nutritious sourcroust destroyed in its incipency, even in the luxuriant and luxurious head: and as neither himself nor Diederick could read the note, the latter was immediately posted off to the village for 'Squire Clymers.

"Good morning, Mr. Puterbaugh," said the gentleman of the bar, on his arrival at Rock-Hollow Farm. "Hope you're very well, and?"

"Yaw—vell—read tat," said Johannes, handing him the note.

"Miss M. Puterbaugh," said the pettifogger, glancing at the superscription.—"From that rascal Cunningham, or I know nothing of the peculiarities of chirography. Some Yankee rascality, without doubt.—But let us at the pith and marrow of the matter, as my favorite Will Shakspeare would say. Ho!—(reading.)—My dear Mary: I deprecate disobedience of parental commands; (the hypocritical knave!) but as your father's consent to *our* union cannot possibly be obtained, be in the immediate vicinity of the stone-hedge raspberry patch on Tuesday night, about 12 o'clock. I will come with a couple of horses.—'Squire Gray's is but a few miles off—and on Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham will be in the village, and receive the calls of such as wish to see a happy couple.—Twelve o'clock—be punctual. N. C."

During the reading of the latter part of this epistle, Diederick swore lustily, bringing into requisition his knowledge of both Dutch and English profanity. But Johannes, who thought he had displayed sagacity and cunning in getting the note into his possession, was pleased that he had it in his power to frustrate the plan of the "tam Yankee," and laughed heartily. Mr. Clymers passed the thumb and fore-finger of his left hand two or three times over his chin, pulled his meager whiskers, one of which as could easily be perceived had just six hairs less than the other, scratched the back part of his head, looked very knowing, and muttered something which was not understood by his companions.

"Vat, 'Squire?" said Johannes, chuckling as he thought of a fine trick which he could play upon the Schoolmaster.

"Serious business," answered Mr. Clymers, looking more wise and important than ever. Serious business indeed. An elopement—no—nothing short of an abduction. Not quite eighteen yet—severe penalty—not christian like to push things to extremities—but the law must have its course. Very great outrage is meditated against you, as the father of Miss Mary—very great outrage. I would not wish to

impoverish Mr. Cunningham, but the law must be enforced."

"Im—im—vat?" asked Johannes, not exactly understanding this part of the lawyer's soliloquy.

"Impoverish, Mr. Puterbaugh," answered the lawyer. "I would not wish to make him poor; but"—

"Make him poor! no—no—I'll fix him," said Johannes, as he walked across the room and unlocked his huge oak chest.—From one end of this he took a small bag, well filled with the real alchemy of life; and returning, he took from it a piece of silver very like a dollar, which he tendered to the man of law.

"Don't trouble yourself, Mr. Puterbaugh," (casting an oblique look at the well filled bag,) "don't trouble yourself at all: leave this matter to me, and I'll attend to it in a proper manner," said Mr. Clymers—"and I'll pocket a good free from the contents of that chest," thought the lawyer.

But Johannes, like all thrifty and good farmers, had an utter abhorrence of writs, lawyers, and a courthouse. Besides, he was somewhat self-willed, and chose to do what he considered his own business in his own way. He therefore gave Mr. Clymers to understand, that he would suffer no legal proceedings against the Schoolmaster; and after muttering something about walking two miles to Rock-Hollow, and two miles back, decyphering the note, which had let them into the secret of the "contemplated and intended elopement or abduction," and naming a fee of five dollars, (which the honest Dutchman eventually paid him, in consideration that the whole affairs should be kept an entire secret,) Clymer Clymers, Esq. late of Bristol, England, bade good morning to Mr. Puterbaugh and Diederick, and wended his way back to the village.—But he was sorely chagrined at the loss of so fine an opportunity of giving trouble to "the Yankee pedagogue."

The truth was, Johannes had performed no marvellously cunning trick for a long time; and those which he had been in the habit of relating over his mulled cider, had been repeated so often, that they no longer caused a laugh; and moreover, he had sprinkled them so plentifully with interpolations, and had made so many additions to them, that he feared his character for strict veracity would suffer, unless he threw them aside. He therefore saw the necessity of burnishing up his *cunning*, and brightening his wits, preparatory to an effort for some wonderful achievement. While Mr. Clymers was reading the note which had passed between the lovers, a thought suddenly flashed upon the patriarch's brain, which pleased him so well, that he fancied himself already surrounded by laughing and applauding dozens. This thought, as he unfolded it to Diederick, was as follows: Mary was to be kept at home, and watched during that and the next day, to prevent any communication between her and the

Schoolmaster. On the night which was named for the elopement, she was to be confined in her room, and Johannes and Diederick were to go, about half an hour before the appointed time, and station themselves in the vicinity of the raspberry patch. As the Schoolmaster would ride up, he would have to pass a large clump of young peach trees, which grew along the stone hedge. In the edge of these they were to secret themselves; and Diederick, with waggon whip in hand, was to spring out suddenly as the unsuspecting lover should pass, seize the horses by their bridles, drag the rider from his saddle, and inflict such chastisement as the offence in their opinion deserved, and as would, from very shame, drive the Schoolmaster from the village.—As a reward for this, Diederick was to receive the hand of Miss Mary the following Sunday. This stratagem was a balm to his bruised spirits—for, like Johannes, he had the utmost confidence in its success. And well he might, for there appears but little room for doubt. As they had planned, so proceeded this ingenious couple—the one proud of his artifice, and well pleased that he had rescued his daughter from the hands of a Yankee—the other thinking a little of Mary Puterbaugh, and a great deal of Rock-Hollow Farm, and former times at Kroutvalleyford. The day waned—and Mary was watched; the next day came—and she was watched still; and then came the night—the night that was big with importance to the actors in this veritable history.

“And such a night! O storm,
And cloud, and darkness!”

It was eleven o'clock, and Johannes and Diederick were together, the latter all impatience for the onset. It was half past eleven, and Johannes and Diederick were saugly ensconced in the edge of the peach tree nursery. It was twelve, and cloud and darkness veiled the face of the sky, and Johannes and Diederick were growing impatient. It was ten minutes past twelve, and Johannes and Diederick cursed the “Yankee splutterkin,” in whispers, for they dared not speak. It was fifteen minutes past twelve, and Johannes and Diederick heard the sound of approaching horses. Now nerve thy heart, and arm, ‘brave knight,’ for thou battlest for ‘ladye faire.’ A minute passed, and Diederick’s heart beat against his ribs, as though it would break from its bony enclosure. Another minute passed, and he heard a slight cough.—Another, and the slow moving trio was just at hand; and now, making a desperate effort to pluck up his flagging, Diederick clenched the whip with an herculean grasp, and put himself in a posture to spring.—One moment more, and he had jerked the nocturnal equestrian from his saddle, seized him by his cravat, and was belaboring him with but little mercy. “Murderer! wretch! O! O! stop! scoundrel! murderer! mercy! O! O! O!” shouted and roared the

unfortunate man. “Giff it to him!” shouted Johannes, who had crawled from his hiding place, and was standing close by on the stone hedge, a listener, but not a spectator, for it was pitch dark.—“Giff it to him! tam yankee! teach him how to run away wit an honest man’s daughter! Mishter and Mishes Cunningham, indeed! Giff it to him!” and Diederick continued to apply the lash, with unsprang vigor. What with the sounds of the whip, the rustling of the tree tops, the roaring of a neighboring water-fall, and the still louder roaring of the patriarchal Johannes, the poor man’s remonstrances were scarcely heard; and in a few moments he fell to the earth, completely exhausted, and senseless. The storm had been gathering fast, and just as the valorous Diederick, fearing he had gone too far, bent down to ascertain if his victim breathed, a vivid and continued stream of lightning burst upon the utter darkness—and by the intense glare was plainly revealed to Johannes and the inclining Diederick, the pale but well known and instantly recognised countenance of—Clymer Clymers, Esq., late of Bristol England.

“Farewell, my dear! and may happiness be your lot!” said an elderly lady, in a tremulous voice, to a young bride, as she pressed her hand, and imprinted a kiss on her fresh cheek. “’Tis a slippery path you have to tread; but let Religion be your guiding star, and choose Integrity for your walking stick, and you will not often fall, by the way.” She released her grasp, and in a moment the young wife was in her saddle, and in another her husband, to whom she had been united but a few hours, was at her side. Then bowing to Squire Gray and his wife, and touching their horses gently with the lash, Nicholas Cunningham and his loved Mary rode towards the village, just as the rising sun was tingling the landscape with a beautiful coloring—like the hue of their own thoughts—soft, sunny, and unclouded.

On his return to the village, the unfortunate lawyer related the discovery and contents of the packet to his heart’s adored, with strict injunctions to secrecy. With the same injunctions she related them to her dearest bosom friend, who, enjoining like secrecy, related them to her ma. It so happened, that her ma was the wife of one of Mr. Cunningham’s most particular friends; and, as all good wives are in the habit of telling every thing they know or think to their husbands, she laid the matter before hers, who felt it his duty to acquaint Mr. C. with the facts, which he did the next morning. And,—a thing almost beyond belief,—the *secret* actually made no further progress, till it was of no consequence to any body. A little angry that his billet had fallen into such evil hands, and determined now at all hazards to become the husband of the Heiress of Rock-Hollow, the young New Englander changed

altogether his plan, as made known in the epistle. No sooner had night set in, than he wended his way to the vicinity of the old patriarch’s mansion, to reconnoiter. During the evening he frequently saw the huge form of Diederick pass one of the parlor windows; but he saw nothing of her whose existence was now a part of his own. The hours wore slowly and heavily away. At length he saw the corpulent form of Johannes pass the window; and presently, the patriarch leaning on the arm of Diederick, the two passed within a few yards of where he was concealed. What he heard as they went along, awakened suspicious that they intended to entrap him. The night being very dark, and determined to come at something of a knowledge of their intentions, he followed them at a distance, till he heard their voices no more, and believed them to have secreted themselves in the clump of young peach trees. While following them, though he heard indistinctly what they were saying, he gathered enough to confirm his awakened suspicions. He therefore hastened back to the house, where he had no doubt the object of his love was under lock. The second or third “ahem!” was answered from a window in the second story; and the persevering lover soon heard his name spoken in a low but well known voice. He answered, and was told that a ladder generally stood on the opposite side of the house. He groped about in the dark, till this was found. In a moment it was rested against the wall immediately under the window whence the voice issued, and in another the lovers were hastening hand in hand from the premises. A few minutes brought them to where the gallant Schoolmaster had hitched a couple of horses, and about half an hour found them at the residence of Squire Grey. Here they were not unexpected; and producing a license, in another half hour they were pronounced man and wife: probably about the time that the poor lawyer was receiving such a severe castigation at the hands of the chivalrous Diederick.

Esquire Clymers, on his return to the village from Rock-Hollow, could not banish from his mind the recollection of the old oak chest and the well filled bag; nor could he recover from the chagrin he felt at having been deprived of what he considered (through ignorance of the law, or lack of common sense, probably, for we find him making no distinction between *intention* and *act*), so excellent an opportunity of avenging himself on the Schoolmaster, and reaping a good fee. And cherishing a deep hatred of Mr. Cunningham, and having a fervent love of money, he resolved to attempt some desperate enterprise, by which he might still do an injury to the one, and, rendering a service to Johannes and Diederick, create a claim to the other, on the score of *gratitude*. Various ways of effecting these objects, suggested themselves to his mind; but none of them bore so heavily upon the young yankee, as he wished. At

length, about ten o'clock on the evening of the following day, recollecting the scroll which he had been called to read, and the plan of elopement, it struck him that he might reach the stone hedge before the lover, and, favored by the darkness of the night, bear off the devoted bride in triumph to the house of her father, and the arms of Diederick. So pleased was he with this scheme, and confident of its success, that he despatched a messenger to Rock-Hollow, to make it known to Johannes and Diederick, and to request that they would let things take their natural course, and leave to him the task of defeating the project of the yankee pedagogue." Unfortunately for the ingenious lawyer, however, the messenger did not arrive at his place of destination, until Johannes and Diederick had started upon *their* expedition; and, as though the fates had really determined to punish him for his interference in a matter which did not in the least concern him, before the messenger returned he had sallied out in quest of a span of horses. These he procured, but not so early as he wished.—How he succeeded in his enterprise, is already known.

Here we might stop; but, as veritable chroniclers, it behooves us to go a little further.—Lawyer Clymers was carried from the scene of his punishment, to the house of the kind-hearted Johannes. Diederick was dispatched to the village for a physician.—The lawyer was pronounced to be in a dangerous situation, and Diederick turned pale.—Morning came, and there was still no change for the better. It was eight o'clock when the physician made his second visit. He brought word that Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham had arrived in the village half an hour before, and taken rooms at the Swan Inn. This intelligence was not unexpected, for they had early in the morning found the cage open and the bird flown.—The physician felt the pulse of the patient, and looked gloomy. Diederick could not stand no more. Rock-Hollow and its mistress were irretrievably beyond his reach, and a prosecution for murder or manslaughter was staring him in the face. He slipped from the room, but where he slipped to, is not known to this day.

After a severe and tedious confinement, lawyer Clymers recovered; but, in consideration of the good attendance he had received at the hands and in the house of Johannes, and upon the latter promising to pay the doctor's bill, and to give him a little business, he concluded to overlook the part the worthy patriarch had acted on the fatal night. He was, moreover, highly delighted with the business promised him by Johannes; in a measure because of the ill it boded Mr. Cunningham, but in a greater measure because of the fee he should, after all his difficulties, draw from the old oak chest. A part of this business was, to draw up the will of Johannes, in which Rock-Hollow Farm, all that pertained thereunto, &c. &c. &c., were to be left to

a distant relation of the patriarch. The will was accordingly written, and thus the disobedient heiress was cut off with a shilling.—But so painful and mortifying was the recollection of the infliction he had received from the absconded Diederick, and so poor were his prospects at the bar, that a pleasant day about three months after his unfortunate nocturnal expedition, witnessed the departure from the village of Clymer Clymers, Esq., late of Bristol, England.

It was now mid-winter. Johannes found his days tedious and his evenings long and wearisome. Still he refused to receive his daughter and her husband. He could not forget that the former had married a "tam yankee," nor that the latter had defeated what he thought the most cunning trick of his life. He never made another effort to bolster up his reputation; and there was a sad contrast between his cider-drinkings now and those a few months before. He was aged—and the weakness of the old were crowding upon him. A severe cold had confined him to his room for several days; this was succeeded by a violent fever; then came delirium, and next came his discarded daughter. A few months had made a great change in Mary. Sorrow, not for what she had done, but that she had lost the affection of her parent, bore heavily upon her. Instead of the wild and gleesome girl, she was the sober, thoughtful, and attentive woman. She had resumed her studies, and education also was exerting its influence on her mind and manners. The parting blessing of the kind consort of Squire Grey, was likewise well remembered; and a feeling of religion was gradually stealing upon her heart.

Thus was Mrs. Cunningham, at the time of her father's illness. For a week of insensibility continued, and her attentions were all that a dutiful child's could be, and her vigils intense. At length the fever was broken; consciousness returned to the old man; and the first object his eyes rested upon in perfect sensibility, was his daughter, bending over him, tearless it is true, but wan and sorrowful. She stooped down and kissed his forehead, and reached him her hand; but he took it not; and fearing her presence troubled him, she left the room, in very wretchedness of heart. A few hours afterwards, he heard from the attending physician, how affectionately she had watched over him during his long delirium—how intensely she had suffered in body and in mind—and how devotedly she seemed to love him. The old man's heart was touched; he knew his end was fast approaching, for already he felt the cold hand of Death upon him; he asked for the vest he had worn when taken ill; when given him, he took from the pocket the key of the old oak chest, and handed it to the doctor, desiring him to unlock the chest, and bring him a sealed packet which he would see on lifting the lid. He then asked to be raised up a little: and with his own hands he threw the packet into the fire. He remark-

ed that it was his will, but that now all his property was his daughter's. He then requested that she might be asked in; and motioning her to bend down, he pressed his lips to hers, whispered his forgiveness; then taking her hand, he held it a few moments, gazing steadily in her face; and *she*, first of all present, knew that her parent was no more of this world—for his gaze was unlike that of the living, and *his hand had grown cold in hers*.

Rock-Hollow Farm passed into the hands of the worthy New Englander, and is now the home of one of the thriftiest and most urbane country gentlemen in Ohio. Mr. Cunningham soon identified himself with the citizens of the State, and for two or three years represented—County in the State Legislature. But finding political warfare not at all congenial with his feelings, he abandoned the field, and now devotes his time zealously to the cultivation of the rich grounds of Rock-Hollow, and to the education of several intelligent sons and daughters.*

THE NEST OF AN OSTRICH—Found in South Africa by Mr. Broadbent, a missionary. The eggs were forty-two in number, including the two which had been taken away before, and were arranged with great apparent exactness. Sixteen were close together in the middle of the nest; and on these the ostrich was sitting when we arrived; they were as many as she could cover. The remaining twenty-six were placed very uniformly in a circle, about three or four feet from those in the middle. The eggs which were in the circle we found to be quite fresh, at which I expressed my surprise. The Hottentots informed me that these had been provided by the ostrich against the hatching of those in the middle, when she would break them, one after another, and give them to her young ones for food, and that by the time they were disposed of in this manner the young ostriches would be able to go abroad with their mother, and provide for themselves such things as the desert afforded. I have seen large flocks of these creatures in South Africa.—The fact which I have just stated, relative to the preservation of a quantity of eggs for the subsistence of the young ones immediately after they are hatched, affords as striking an illustration of a superintending Providence, perhaps as the whole circle of natural history affords.

*NOTE.—In portraying the character of Johannes Puterbaugh, the author was not indebted to his fancy. There was an *original* Johannes.—a man of real flesh and blood,—(and who considered himself a marvelously proper man too.)—and the likeness will be recognized by many in the interior. The author has thought this note necessary, as, in his endeavor to give a correct portraiture of one of the most useful classes of the inhabitants of the Backwoods,—the honest, sturdy, and thrifty Dutch Farmer,—that may be taken for a caricature, which is nearly a *fac simile*.

From the *Augusta (Geo.) Gazette.*
New England.

Oh, who upon his lips could lay
 The seal of caution strong,
 And calmly give the slander way
 That does his country wrong?
 Who can restrain the burning word,
 The fearless glance of youth,
 When each indignant thought was stirred
 To witness to the truth?

New England! glorious native land!
 When false to thee I prove,
 Then palsied be my faithless hand,
 My lips forget to move!
 When thou art challenged, shall my voice
 In thy good cause forbear?
 No! be a nobler part my choice,
 Here—ever—every where.

Home of the good, the brave, the wise,
 Bold youth and beauty bright,
 The sun, as on his course he lies,
 Beholds no lovelier sight.
 Italia's vales with perfume glow
 From every flowery tree;
 But ne'er those lovely vallies know
 The breath of Liberty.

Bright beams the sun on Syria's plains,
 Where ancient prophets trod,
 And held, in nature's forest fanes,
 High converse with their God.
 But holier are the hills that bind
 Thy stormy ocean shore,
 For there the sacred human mind
 Knows its full strength once more.

There, in the cottage and the hall,
 As bursts the morning ray,
 The hymn of praise ascends from all,
 To him who gives the day.
 There, as the evening sun declines
 They meet in harmless glee;
 On all the beam of pleasure shines,
 For all alike are free.

Yet if I love thee, native land!
 Is the bright South less dear?
 Can I not prize the lofty band
 Of generous spirits here?
 Souls warmed with honor's sacred fire!
 Hearts true in friendship known!
 Fearless I strike the patriot lyre—
 Its spirit is your own. HAROLD.

A LITTLE BEYOND THE YANKEE.—How-
 ever adroit the Yankees may be in matters
 of manufacture and traffic, yet they fall
 infinitely short of some others in slight of
 hand matters of thefts and robberies. The
 following circumstance, which is said to
 have happened in a neighboring city, is a very
 happy illustration of this remark. A
 gentleman having had a valuable watch
 stolen from his person, and advertised that
 he would give the thief fifty dollars for its
 restoration, and that no question should be
 asked. A short time after a man called on
 him and informed him that on payment of
 the fifty dollars the watch should be restor-
 ed. The money was handed to the stran-
 ger and the watch to its rightful owner who
 remarked that although he was under an
 obligation to ask no questions, yet he had
 a curiosity to know the manner in which he
 obtained the watch, and would make that
 inquiry, leaving his answer or refusal at his
 option. The man readily inquired of him
 if he did not recollect that on a certain
 night a man put his hand on his shoulder

saying, 'How are you?' and instantly ask-
 ed pardon for his abrupt salutation, as he
 was mistaken in the person he supposed he
 was addressing, at the same time patting him
 on the shoulder in the manner as at the time
 he referred to. The man recollected the
 circumstance, and the stranger said at the
 time he took his watch. The man was
 much gratified at the recovery of the watch
 and so much amused by the manner in
 which it was stolen, that he stepped into a
 shop of his acquaintance to tell the story.
 While recapitulating the circumstances he
 attempted to pull out his watch when lo! it
 was gone again, the rogue having stolen it
 the second time, while telling the manner he
 stole it at first. This certainly beats the
 Yankees "all hollow."

CHARACTERISTIC.—On Friday, the 8th
 inst. one of the seamen lately discharged
 and paid off from among the crew of the
 sloop of war *Warren*, now lying in our port,
 accosted a gentleman whom he chanced to
 meet at a steamboat office, and requested
 him to take charge of his money, amount-
 ing to between two and three hundred dol-
 lars, for the night, observing that he wished
 to leave for New York the next morning,
 and contemplated having a cruise about
 town, in which he might fall in with land
 sharks; adding, that they should meet
 again before the sailing of the boat, when
 he would receive the cash, which he in-
 tended for his family residing in Boston,
 preferring to deposit it confidentially in the
 hands of a stranger rather than carry too
 much ballast about him in so stiff a breeze.

The trust was accepted, and faithfully
 discharged by the gentleman's seeking out
 the sailor, and handing him over his money.
 a hundred and fifty dollars of which he
 prevailed on him to invest in a draft on one
 of the Boston Banks as the best precaution
 against shoals or breakers.—*National Ga-*
zette.

Indian Names.

Among other Indian signatures are the
 following;—Buffalo, Little Eyes, Negro
 Legs, Long Body, Big Man, Little Duck,
 Drunkard's Son, White Sky, Green Feather,
 Main Chance, Sturgeon Man, Jumping
 Sturgeon, Bad Axe, Young Eagle, Lion
 coming out of the water, Black Sparrow,
 the Cloud that doesn't stop, Bad Weather,
 Sharp-faced Bear, the Thunder that fright-
 ens, the Swan that flies in the rain, the
 Swan whose wings crack when she flies,
 He who shoots in the pine-tops, the Man
 who marches quick, the Man with a strong
 voice, the Man who is sick when he walks,
 He that walks with a cane, the Fluttering
 Eagle, the Bad Hail, the Shifting Shadow,
 White Nails, Turning Iron, White Wolf,
 Rumbling Thunder, the Dancer, the Big
 Tree, the Big-eared Dog, the Buffalo with
 one horn, the Iron Cloud, the White Face,
 the Negro, the Thief, the Belly Ache, the
 Doctor!

A LEAPING FISH.—The bonita has the
 power of throwing itself out of the water to
 an almost incredible distance, when in per-
 suit of its prey, the flying fish; and the
 day previous to our arrival at Mozambique,
 one of these fish rose close under our bow,
 passed over the vessel's side, and struck
 with such force against the poop, that had
 any one received the blow in all probability
 it would have been fatal. Stunned by the
 violence of the contact, it fell motionless at
 the helmsman's feet; but soon recovering,
 its struggles were so furious, that it became
 necessary to inflict repeated blows with an
 axe before it could be approached with safe-
 ty. The greatest elevation it attained above
 the surface of the water was eighteen feet
 and the length of the leap, had no opposi-
 tion occurred, would have exceeded 180
 feet.

THE CONTRAST.—A Russian of my ac-
 quaintance visited England, with a small
 portmanteau, about two years ago. Good
 heavens! how he abused us!—never was
 so rude, cruel, suspicious, barbaric people!
 I saw him a few months since, having just
 paid us a second visit; he was in raptures
 with all he saw; never was a people so
 improved, his table was crowded with cards
 —how hospitable we were! The master
 of the hotel had displaced an English family
 to accommodate him; was a refined con-
 sideration, for a stranger!—Whence arose
 this difference in the Russian's estimate of
 us? His uncle was dead, he had come
 into a great property. In neither case,
 had our good people looked at the *foreigner*;
 they had looked the first time, at the small
 portmanteau, and the second time, at the
 three carriages and four!—*England and*
the English.

NIAGARA WHIRLPOOL.—This whirlpool
 which is several miles below the Falls of
 Niagara, is a large deep basin, about the
 size of Primrose Hill, at the back of Chalk
 Farm, in which the waters of the mighty
 St. Lawrence revolve in one perpetual
 whirl, caused by their being obstructed by
 an angle of the steep and dreary banks
 which overhang this dreadful place. Mr.
 Wallace the blacksmith had a son, a fine
 youth, who one day went down into the
 whirlpool, and the current proving too
 strong for him he was carried into the whirl.
 His poor distracted mother sat on the
 gloomy bank for hours and days, and be-
 held the body of her own darling carried
 around in a circle by the water, sometimes
 disappearing for a time and then coming up
 and revolving upon the surface of his
 watery grave, and thus continuing for sev-
 eral days, no human aid being available
 to obtain his remains. After five or six
 days, bodies which get into this dismal cal-
 dron are carried down the river. It is
 usual for persons rafting timber from pla-
 ces between the falls and the whirlpool to
 get off the raft before they come to the ba-
 sin, first placing the raft in such a position

as may best enable it to float down the stream without being carried into the whirl.

On one occasion however, one of the raftsmen refused to leave the raft—he was not afraid, all would go safe, entreaty was unavailing and the raft, with the unfortunate, head-strong man upon it, made its way downwards and was soon drawn within the fatal circle around which for three days and three nights it continued to revolve, all the efforts of a thousand anxious spectators proving unavailing. The continual and sickening motion he underwent robbed the poor sufferer of all power to eat: sleep he could not: a dreadful death was before his eyes, and more terrible as it was protracted night after night in such a place. At last a man was found who ventured into the whirl as far as he could with hopes of life, a strong rope being tied around his body, one end to the shore. He carried a line to throw to the raft—succeeded: the agonized sufferer fastened it to the raft, and in this way he was drawn on shore, and his life preserved.—*McKenzie's Sketch of the United States.*

Winter.

There's not a flower upon the hill,
There's not a leaf upon the tree;
The summer bird hath left its bough,
Bright child of sunshine, singing now
In spicy lands beyond the sea.

There's silence in the harvest field,
And blackness in the mountain glen,
And cloud that will not pass away
From the hill-tops for many a day,
And stillness round the homes of men.

The old tree hath an older look,
The lonesome place is yet more dreary;
They go not now, the young and old,
Slow wandering on by wood and wold;
And summer paths are wet and weary.

MARY HOWITT.

The longest bow shot upon record was that of the Lancashire archer, who shot his shaft a mile in three shots. This has been nearly equalled within these few years. A Turkish Ambassador in London discharged an arrow 480 yards, and a Turk at Athens sent his shaft 574 yards, which is only three yards short of the third of a mile. It was a test with our arches to send the cloth yard shaft, at 320 yards distance, through an oaken plank, from one to three inches in thickness, and to lodge the arrow in a board placed many yards in the rear.

LONGEVITY.—Count Borrowski, the celebrated dwarf, of whom little has been heard for years past, arrived in town a few days ago on business, and after a short sojourn during which he had the honor of visiting the Duke of Sussex, took his departure on Thursday for his residence in the country. This extraordinary and intelligent little gentleman, who is not more than three feet high, but distinguished for the symmetry of his person, is now in his 95th year, and still enjoys all his faculties unimpaired.—*London paper.*

During the late war, it will be remembered, a bloody combat took place off the southern part of Nantucket, between the American privateer Neuschatol, and the boats of the British frigate Endymion. The wounded of both parties were landed at this place. Among them were two messmates, one of whom had his under jaw dreadfully shattered by a musket ball; and the other was so wounded in his wrist, as to render necessary the amputation of his hand. Soon after the requisite surgical operation had been performed, they were invited to dine at a friend's house, where they were observed to stick by each other with peculiar tenacity. The company fell to; but our maimed heroes were respectively disabled from performing those manual and maxillary exploits, which were exhibiting around them. After having complacently surveyed the scene without any offer of assistance from the busy guests, whose diffidence perhaps outweighed their inclinations, he with one flipper, thus sternly though with much point and humor, addressed his broken-jawed companion, "I say, Jack, since you can't grind, nor I carve, and the land lubbers are all tucking the beef under their jackets, what say you for splicing; if you'll cut for me, I'll chew for you!"

If men will impartially, and not asquint, look towards the offices and functions of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's becoming a great poet without being first a good man.

The Tablet.

The following is an extract of a letter to the editor, from a gentleman now residing at Charleston, S. C.

"I have never gazed upon a scene more lovely, than that which was presented to my view as our noble ship entered the harbor of Charleston, and, under full sail, passed over the wide expanse of water, 'inclosed and indented with islands,' displaying the bustle and activity of commerce. As the eye wanders over this beautiful scene, it is struck with the number and variety of interesting objects which are here so pleasingly clustered together. The islands skirting the harbor with a beach of the whitest sand; the city, with its wharves and its tiled buildings glittering in the sun; the rivers, entering the basin on either side of the town, whitened with sails; and beyond, the ever verdant forest, which seems to swell, as it recedes from the spectator, into noble hills, giving to the whole prospect the appearance of an amphitheater; form an assemblage of objects, the *tout ensemble* of which is not surpassed in this country.

"The harbor formed by the junction, just below the city, of Ashley and Cooper rivers, is about a mile in width where it opens into the sea. On the south of the entrance, is Morris island, a low sandy beach, with a light house and a few buildings, about six miles from the city. On the north, is Sullivan's island, nearly three miles in

length, having upon it a fort and a considerable village, the summer residences of the inhabitants of the city. Fort Moultrie is celebrated for its gallant and successful resistance of the British squadron under Sir Peter Parker. This is about four miles distant from the city. On the south, about two and a half miles from the city, is the village of Johnsonville, (where fort Johnson formerly stood,) on James' island. Nearer to the city, about a mile distant, stands castle Pinckney, a small but strongly built fortress.

"The city is very regularly laid out, with streets crossing, generally, at right angles. Nearly all of the streets are bordered with trees, (the pride of India or *Melia Azedaræha*,) which gives them a fine fresh appearance. There are several noble public buildings, many of them good specimens of architecture, and several of them venerable for their age. St. Philips' church, founded in 1711, is a singular edifice, its general appearance being that of a cross. St. Michael's church, (1761,) is remarkable for a very lofty and beautiful spire, which towers above every object in the city. The exchange is a large building, in bad taste, built of brick and stuccoed. It was occupied during the revolutionary war, by the British officers; and many American prisoners were confined in the cellars. The Battery, at the eastern extremity of the city, is finely situated, fronting the harbor, with a wall of 400 yards in length, and although at present unfinished, will, in time, become an ornament to the city.

"In riding out of town you pass through some very ancient avenues of trees—the live oak, which forms an entire arch over head of 60 or 80 feet in width. The tall pine and the spreading oak are covered with a beautiful drapery of moss which, hanging in profusion from the trunk and all the branches, even to their very ends, gives them a venerable appearance."

The Rev. Wm. L. Keese, Rector of St. Paul's Church, Albany, has been invited to accept the place of Assistant Minister of Trinity Parish, in this city, to succeed to the Rectorship on the demise or resignation of the present Rector, and has, we understand, consented to accept the invitation.

YALE COLLEGE.—The catalogue of this Institution just published, gives the following summary:

Theological students, 55; Law students, 39; Medical students, average for the last 11 years, 71; Academical students, 376; 66 of whom are Seniors, 81 Juniors, 103 Sophomores, and 126 Freshmen; total 541.

The Theological, Law and Academical students are distributed over the world as follows. The Medical class not having yet assembled, are not included.

Maine 4, New Hampshire 8, Vermont 11, Massachusetts 59, R. Island 1, Connecticut 227, New York 79, New Jersey 7, Pennsylvania 11, Delaware 3, Maryland 10, Virginia 5, North Carolina 6, South Carolina 5, Georgia 6, Alabama 5, Mississippi 2, Louisiana 5, Kentucky 2, Tennessee 2, Ohio 6, Illinois 1, District of Columbia 2, West Indies 1, South America 1, Lower Canada 1, Upper Canada 1.—*Religious Intelligence.*

Sonnet.

Lo! yonder barks that from the calm by glide,
 Buoyant they ride over the deep abyss,
 The swift winds follow their white sails to kiss;
 Prancing like steeds they spurn the purple tide.
 But whither do they go, or when return?
 Unlimited to me, their course appears,
 Too wide the space to be devoid of fears,
 Though for their guide in heaven, a star should
 burn.
 As one by one majestic they advance,
 In vain, the waves, their bounding strength op-
 pose;
 On, on, her country's pride, the vessel goes,
 Light as the breezes that around her dance;
 So like a thing of hope, she leaves the bay,
 A spirit passing from our world away.

A POPULAR PREACHER.—A reverend doctor in London was what is usually denominated, a popular preacher. His reputation however, had not been acquired by his drawing largely on his own stores of knowledge and eloquence, but by the skill with which he appropriated the thoughts and language of the great divines who had gone before him. Those who compose a fashionable audience, are not deeply read in pulpit lore: and accordingly, with such hearers he passed for a wonder of erudition and pathos. It did nevertheless happen that the doctor was once detected in his larcenies. One Sunday, as he was beginning to delight the belles of his quarter of the metropolis a grave old gentleman seated himself close to the pulpit, and listened with profound attention. The doctor had scarcely finished his third sentence, before the old gentleman muttered loud enough to be heard by those near, 'That's Sherlock!' The doctor frowned, but went on. He had not proceeded much farther when his tormenting interpreter broke out with, 'That's Tilotson!' The doctor bit his lips and paused, but again thought it better to pursue the thread of his discourse. A third exclamation of, 'Blair!' was however too much, and completely deprived him of his patience. Leaning over the pulpit, 'Fellow,' he cried, 'if you do not hold your tongue, you shall be turned out.' Without altering a muscle of his countenance, the grave old gentleman lifted up his head, and looking the doctor in his face retorted, 'That's his own!'

THE BLUE DEVILS.—The extremes of high and low spirits, which occur in the same person at different times, are happily illustrated by the following case, related by Dr. Rush: "A physician in one of the cities of Italy was once consulted by a gentleman who was much distressed by a paroxysm of the intermitting state of hypochondriacism. He advised the melancholy man to seek relief in convivial company, and recommended him in particular to find out a celebrated wit by the name of Cardini, who kept all the tables of the city, to which he was invited in a roar of laughter, and to spend as much time with him as possible." "Alas! sir," said the patient with a sigh, "I am that Cardini."

THE INVENTION OF SHOES.—Sandals were most common among the orientals.—As they wore mere soles of wood or leather, fastened to the foot with stripes, they were no protection from the dust; hence arose the hospitable practice of washing the visitor's feet—a practice so much insisted upon by public opinion, that if any one passing out of a house beat the dust from his feet, it showed that they had not been washed, and left on the house the reproach of inhospitality, which was the deepest of all dishonor. The Greeks and Romans added the moccasin or buskin to the scandal; the former was worn by tragic actors.—The shoe makes quite a figure in English history. In the time of Richard I. says Stow, "began the detestable use of piked shoes, the toes being tied up to the knee with chains of silver or gilt." Edward IV. says the same historian, ordained "that no man wear shoes or boots having toes passing two inches long; no peakes of boots or shoes to pass that length on pain of cursing by the clergy."

From the New Monthly Magazine.

The Consolation of Sleep.

When that sweet shape lies hushed in rest,
 Its shadow flies to me;
 Or else each dream that haunts my breast,
 Hath caught its shape from thee.
 I feel that then the ties that bind
 To happier hearts thine own,
 For, either earth is left behind,
 Or earth is ours alone.
 Ah! love can find a wider scope
 For joy, than thou would'st deem:
 Thou may'st forbid the day to hope,
 But not the night to dream.

A SEARCHING OPERATION.—"Billy, my dear, where have you been at this time of night, to get your shirt turned wrong side afore?" "Been mother?—been to an auction where a man lost his pocket book—and they shut the doors, and searched us all from head to foot; that's how I got my shirt turned; glad to clear out any how—staid two hours, and they had'n't half stript when I left 'em."—*Post.*

Married,

In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Croswell, Richard R. Crawford Esq. of the District of Columbia, to Miss Harriet A. daughter of Wm. H. Jones Esq. of this city.

At Meriden, by the Rev. Charles J. Hinsdale, Mr. John Yale, to Miss Nancy M. Hall. Mr. Orrin J. Dutton, of Southington, to Miss Irena Rice.

In East Havan, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Dodd, Mr. Samuel Chidsey to Miss Hester Bradley; on the 10th inst. Mr. Roswell Woodward to Miss Betsey Andrews.

Died,

In this city, on the 11th inst., Emily, daughter of Mr. Timothy Potter, aged 8 years; also, John, son of Mr. Levi Sherman, aged 12 years.

In New Milford, on Sunday, 3d inst., Miss Julia McMahon, aged 19.

In Derby, Miss Mehitable Hotchkiss, aged 61.
 In Woodbury, Mrs. Merba Tyler, wife of Reuben Tyler, aged 73.

BRUSHES.

CROSWELL & HOWE, No. 123 Chapel st. opposite Central Row, have for sale a very large assortment of Brushes, comprising almost every kind in use; consisting of Hearth, Crumb, Dusting, Hair, Flesh, Shoe, Horse, Whitewash, Scrubbing, Clothes, Tooth and Nail Brushes. Also, Fancy Bellows of various patterns.
 Nov. 22.

Writing Materials.

CROSWELL & HOWE, 123, Chapel st., have for sale Ruled and Plain Letter and writing Paper. Bath Post, and Note Paper. American, Holland, and Russia Quills. Gill's Patent Lunar Pens, a fresh supply just received. Ink of various kinds, in any quantity. Glass, Porcelain, Cork, Wedgewood, Pocket and Pewter Ink-Stands. Silliman's Patent do. Indelible Ink—Silver everpointed Pencils. Good lead Pencils—Fine Penknives and Erasers. Blank books—Albums—Writing Books. Portable Desks, Sealing Wax, Portfolios, Wafers, Black Sand, Sand Boxes, Letter Stamps and Seals, Pocket Tablets, &c.
 Nov. 23.

COMPOUND TOOTH LOTION.

FOR cleansing the teeth, and mouth, and removing a disordered state of the gums; also, giving a peculiar sweetness to the breath, by J. B. WHEAT, Surgeon Dentist, New Haven.

This wash, when judiciously used, will be found exceedingly useful to the Teeth, producing a healthy state of the gums, and is almost indispensable in treating diseases of the soft parts about the mouth. It will exert no pernicious influence upon the teeth; but is very beneficial in removing an irritable state of them.—It stands pre-eminently above all other kinds in use—it has high recommendations from the first physicians and dentists in the country—some of them professors in the medical department in Yale College, to whom we have the liberty of referring. We deem it not necessary here to give the recommendations in full, as they will be found on handbills and labels accompanying the wash. The best test of its merit is its use.

We refer to Professor Silliman. Doct. T. P. Beers, Professors in the medical department of Yale College; Docts. V. M. Dow, and D. H. Moore, M. D.'s of New Haven; Doct. D. C. Ambler, M. D., Dentist, New York—besides many others, whose opinions are valuable.

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